A NEW OPERA;

CALLED,

Brutus of Alba.

OR,

Augusta's Triumph.

As it is ACTED

At the THEATRE, in *Dorset-Garden*,

By His Majesty's Servants.

Published by J. Powel & J. Verbruggen.

LONDON:

Printed by *W. Onley*, for *Sam. Briscoe*, at the Corner of *Charles-street*, near *Russel-street*, *Covent-garden*: *R. Welinton*, at the Lamb in St. *Paul's* Church-yard: *Henry Nelmes* at the Leg and Star at the *Royal-Exchange*. MDCXCVII.

Having received very large Encouragement already, from several Persons of Honour and Quality, there will speedily be Publish'd, *A Second Volume of Familiar Letters*, written by the late Lord *Rochester*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Sir *George Etherege*. If any Gentlemen are willing to Oblige the Publick with any Letters of those Honourable Persons, they are desired to send them to *Sam. Briscoe*, in *Covent-Garden*, who will Print them in the next Volume.

5

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Brutus
Locrinus
Arſaracus
Coreb
Herſius
Spungias
La Friske

WOMEN.

Amarante
Ragufa

SINGERS.

Auguſta
Thameſis
Apollo
Juno
Hermes
Iris
Pluto
Alecto
Minos
Proteus
Fame

Neptune
Bacchus
Cupid
Mars
Neſtor
Tritons

Angello, *Seraphino* } Airy Spirits

PROLOGUE.

EAch Critick here, methinks, puts on a Face,
As when in Prologues in my Childish Days,
I was sent simp'ring out to sue for Grace:
When I was forc'd, (to get the House some Guineys)
To Praise for Wits, a Pit half full of Ninnys;
But Sparks, those Poppet Hours are wasted now,
I'll Sneak and Cringe no more——I'd have ye know,
I've more respect for my Fourteen then so. [*Proudly.*
If you believe it, you'll not find me apt,
I am not now, so fond of being Clapt;
More Years, more Knowledge——And for all your Humming,
Look to't, ye Beaus, my Fifteen is a coming.
That happy Age, which you so dearly prize,
I'm pleas'd to think, how I shall Tyranize;
For I intend to Murder——Kill and Slay
An Army of Young Coxcombs every Day:
'Tis Comical to tell how two short Years,
Alters the Turn and Shape of my Affairs.
In those Days, a Pert, Modish, Mealy Fop,
White as a Sack in a Corn-chandler's Shop,
Us'd to Perfume with Snuff, our Dressing-Rooms,
And Treat me—— as most fit——with Sugar-Plums,
But now Smiles, Struts —— looks in my Eyes——and Combs;
Whispers for Secrets what I knew long since,
And further of strong Passion to convince.
The Soft Court-Tongue, crys——'Gad, it does Adore me, [*Speaking affectedly.*
And Feather Blue——Vails its Campaign——before me. [*Speaking roughly.*
But this shan't do, Sirs,——My reserv'd Behaviour
Shall shew ye now, I'll not provoke your Favour,
Nor feed ye with false Hopes—— to gain a Smile,
But to the Darling Genius of our Isle,
I turn my Duty as I change my Stile.
MADAM, At your Blest Feet, her Prostrate Muse,
The Author lays——And for your Favour sues:
Your Presence fills her with so true a Joy,
'Tis not in Criticks Power to destroy.
Ill-natur'd Envy cloudy Sensure bears,
But Fogs still vanish, when the Sun appears.
Now pleas'd, the *Helliconian* Dwellers sing,
To see Your HIGHNESS Consecrate their Spring,
And *Pegasus* prepares to mount the Wing,
To Celebrate through Heaven, and Earth, and Sea,
The Sacred Patroness of Poetry.

EPILOGUE.

By Mrs. *TEMPLE.*

SUccess, which seldom on young Authors wait,
Has made our Poet jealous of his Fate:
He thinks, as one with Reason ought to do,
That his First OPERA *may be damn'd by you.*
'Tis hard: For who the Devil e're would Write,
Or strive to please ye, yet get nothing by't?
In vain we Write, in vain we Dedicate,
If you resolve, still, to Predestinate,
And be your selves the Oracles of Fate.
The Greatest Beauties Regent may have Spots,
And Plays cannot be Writ without some Blots:
A little Salt is grateful to our Food;
But not so much to Fever all our Blood.
He hopes, 'tis writ with that Indifference,
A Lady Critick cannot take Offence.
Faith, Gentlemen, accept of what you've seen:
Ladies, he hopes, your Thoughts are all serene,
No Clouds nor Storms, nor Frowns in you appear,
But like your selves, Immaculate and Fair:
To you, our Author, humbly does submit,
'Twas you he thought of, all the Time he writ:
Be but you pleas'd, to Pardon him this Day,
And he may live to write a better Play.

TO

TO

Sam. Briſcoe, Bookſeller.

Mr. Briscoe,

SUre none can prove a Warmer Patron to a Book, than the Bookſeller for whom 'tis Printed; nor can any one have a juſter Title to the Dedication of a Play, than he who uſes to pay ſo largely moſt Dedicators. You promis'd to ſtand Godfather to this Off-ſpring of a Nameleſs Parent; and, as 'tis like to make ſome Figure in the World; we hope it will ſoon Recompence your Liberality to thoſe who uſher it into it: For, while other Patrons often purchaſe nothing but empty Air, and are ſwell'd with it, to the Decay of their more ſolid Parts; but you are for more ſubſtantial Gain, and get Money for Paper, while they get nothing but Paper for Money.

Moſt Readers rather judge of the Worth of a Book, by the Name of the Bookſeller that Prints it, than by that of the Great Man to whom 'tis Inſcrib'd; and this muſt needs be thought the better, as being not only Printed for you, but Dedicated to you, who are fam'd for Printing few Things but what are Uſeful and Entertaining, and who hate a dull Scribler, as much as he hates a ſevere Critick; or we, both Scribles and Criticks, a thin Pit, or a long Vacation. And, indeed, this Opera will require no leſs powerful an Intereſt, than yours Mr. Briſcoe: *For you know, that many Books are only thought bad, through the Prejudice of moſt Readers againſt their Nameleſs Writers, as if thoſe Works were not worth owning; and many are thought good only for the ſake of the Author's Fame. Thus, let the beſt Maſter of Poetry, but publiſh a Poem without owning it, great numbers of Faults will be found, which otherwiſe wou'd perhaps paſs as Beauties. Now your Recommendation-Name, Mr.* Briſcoe, *will infallibly ſupply the Want of the Authors; and thus his Modeſty will only prove like thoſe Shades that add ſtrength to Pictures, and ſet the Beauties in a truer Light. For who can be ſuppoſed to underſtand*

Plays

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Plays better than you, whoſe Buſineſs they have been ſo long, and who wholly Converſe with the Ingenious and Bookiſh-*Part of the World? Who but knows, what a kind Influence depends on you, from the Superior Orbs of Wit, with which you are ſo often in Conjunction? And 'tis but juſt it ſhou'd be ſo; for while moſt Libraries are made up of the Outcaſts of Bookſellers Shops; yours, Mr. Briſcoe, chear'd by the Beams darted from the Neighbouring Spheres, is like a flouriſhing Garden, where every Day ſprings new Variety of the choiceſt Productions of Nature improv'd by Art; and that the whole* Letter'd World *receives conſtant Supplies of the Uſeful and the* Pleaſing, *without which it* can no more ſubſiſt, than without the daily Concourſe of Providence. *There we borrow'd this Simile, Mr.* Briſcoe, *which, by the way, confirms our Aſſertion, and there many others borrow, who do not ſo much care to acknowledge it: There from the Grave Politician, to the frothy* Sonneteer, *from the Courtly Critick on Cloths, to the implacable Critick on Sence; from the All-Contemning Lord of Rhyme, to the All-admiring Country Wit, All-Wits, and Wou'd-be-Wits, are ſeen; too happy many of 'em, in finding ſomething to Read in the Morning, that may enable 'em to Chat over their Tea in the Evening, without being reduc'd to paſs ſix long Hours in a Balcony, in making Criticiſms upon the Mobb. But we forgot that you and we are Men of Buſineſs; nor need we ſay any more to Recommend this Piece to you, and the Town, to whoſe Generous Indulgence we leave it; heartily wiſhing, you may ſell off as many Impreſſions of it, as we wiſh our ſelves Benefactors on* Wedneſday, *and* Saturday *next, the Viſiting Days of,*

Your Friends and Servants,

Monday, *Octob.* 16, 1696.

GEORGE POWELL,
JOHN VERBRUGGEN.

BRUTUS of ALBA:

OR,

AUGUSTA's TRIUMPH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is, *the River of Thames; the Prospect reaches as far as can be seen from the Bridge, in a clear Day. On one side of the Stage, lies* Augusta, *attended by Cities; on the other,* Thamesis, *attended by Rivers;* Angello *hovering in the Air. After a Symphony of Musick,* Angello *speaks.*

Angel. WAke, wake *Augusta!* *Thamesis* awake!
Leave off your mourning for your absent Lord:
From the bright Court of Love, I'm hither sent,
To chear your Drooping Spirits, and inform you,
The Guardian of this once Unhappy Island,
Returns with Safety from his *Gallick* Foes.

Tham. Oh thou Bright Vision! Thus we kneel before thee;
Thus pay our Thanks to those Almighty Powers,
That have Preserv'd this great, this God-like *Brutus.*

Aug. O send our *Julius*, send him quickly to us;
Guard him, good Heaven, Preserve him from his Foes;
For when he falls, *Augusta* is no more.

Ang. Once more, I charge you, to dismiss your Fears,
For Heav'n has made him its peculiar Care.

Seraphino

Seraphino *Defcends.*

See here the Guardian Heav'n has appointed
Still to Attend, and to Preſerve his Perſon.

Hermes *Deſcends in his Chariot, drawn by Ravens.*

Her. And *Hermes* too appears, to chear your Sorrows.

Hermes *Sings.*

Thou Glorious Fabrick ſtand, for ever ſtand,
Well worthy thou to Entertain
The God of Traffick, and of Gain,
To draw the Concourſe of the Land,
And Wealth of all the Main.

Auguſta *Sings.*

O Hermes, *pity take*
Of her, who Europe's Pride was ſeen,
And this fair Iſle's Imperial Queen.
Albion's Darling Bride adorn'd,
Till my Abſent Lord I mourn'd.
And whilſt my Turtle-moans I make,
Oh Hermes, *pity take.*

Thamaſis *Sings.*

And I the Noble Flood, who pour
My Plenteous Urn on Iſles Rich Shore,
No more the Prince of Floods, I Reign,
Nor ſhe the Queen of Albion's Fame.

Aug. Oh Hermes, *pity take.*
Tha. Oh Hermes, *pity take.*
Cho. To thee for pity now we call,
O! God-like *Hermes*; pity all.
Mer. *Ceaſe, fair Auguſta, ceaſe thy Sorrow,*
And tho' to Day thou mourn'ſt, thou'lt ſmile to Morrow.
Thy Morning Prayer, and Evening Dreams,
Thy Albion with his ſmiling Beams,
Returns ſo Glorious, Bright and Gay,
He Rivals the Great God of Day.

Cho.

Chorus. Our *Albion* with his ſmiling Beames,
Hermes. While *Gallick* Foes which Envy ſee
Your Monarch's happy Victory.
Auguſta, ought not to Deſpair,
For *Albion*'s Heavens peculiar Care. (*Mercury* Aſcends.

Tha. *Since our* Albion *is returning*
All our blazing Bonfires Burning,
Joyn each Loyal Heart and Hand,
Each Attending
All Knees Bending
Triton's *Sounding*
Shores Rebounding,
Send my Jolly Neptunes *Sons to Land.*
A Dance of Nereids.

Auguſtus, Thameſis, *and their Attendance all Sink.*

Ang. Now, *Seraphina*, to perform your Charge,
Locrindus Son to this Victorious King,
Is on his march, and will be here this Night.
The falſe *Arſaracus* that was left in Charge
Of this bleſt Iſland, and fair *Amarante*
Who is by Contract joyn'd to the Young Prince,
Tries by all Arts he can, to gain her Love:
The Curſt Magician *Coreb* does attend him,
And Calls the Powers of Hell to his Aſſiſtance;
Therefore you muſt be Watchful, *Seraphino.*
Ser. Fear not my *Angel* ſo but ſee he comes,
His working Brain, I know Preſages Miſchief,
But he ſhall find that all the Power of Hell
Will prove too Poor and Weak, to Combat Heaven.
(*They both Aſcend.*

The Scene continues. Enter Arſaracus Solus.

Arſ. Why am I thus perplext? She's in my Power;
But Oh! What Power can ſtand againſt her Beauty?
Am I to blame to Court the ſmiles of her,
Who Captivates the Heart of Royal *Brutus*

That mighty Conqueror ſubmits to her.
He that is Born the certain Scourge of *Gaul*:
He that with Conqueſt ſtill comes Uſhered Home,
Our Second *Mars* yields to this Lovely *Venus*.

Enter the Amarante *Reading.*

Behold ſhe comes; Oh! wou'd our Artiſts draw
A Scene of Heaven; there is the lovely Pattern.
Am. Surpriz'd by him alone, Oh! my juſt Fears.
Arſa. Why do ye flie me then, my beauteous Charge?
Am. Why do ye Haunt me thus, Deceitful Guardian?
Arſa. Can you Condemn the wretch who ventures Life
To obtain Food, when Famine has oppreſs'd him;
When the poor Slave tuggs at the Labouring Oar,
His Body Gaſh'd with Stripes, and Parch'd by th' Sun;
His Eye-lids ſhrowding in their drowzie Balls,
His Joynts quite Numb'd, and yet Compell'd to Toyl;
Is he to blame to beg of Heaven for Eaſe?
Amar. They that Requeſt of Heaven what is unjuſt ſhou'd
Not alone denial meet, but Puniſhment,
When our Great Maſter left his drooping Kingdom,
Left the ſoft Joys of Peace for dangerous War,
When he had Conquer'd his reſiſtleſs Love
And left me to the Prince his Royal Son;
He then, my Lord, bequeath'd me to the Care;
And ſure he thought your Virtue was ſo firm,
You wou'd not Ruine, what you ſhou'd Protect.
Arſa. If Kneeling thus with humble Adoration,
Begging of you my only Heaven, for Mercy;
If Sighs and guſhing Tears, and broken Slumbers
With all the Racks of a deſpairing Lover.
If theſe ſpeak Ruine, ſure they ſpeak to me.
Amar. What wou'd you have me do?
Arſa. Give me your Love.
Amar. I cannot.
Arſa. Why?
Amar. It is the Princes Right.
The Prince, the Noble Prince, the Prince that rais'd you;
Royal *Locrinus*, that beſtow'd all Favours
That you could Ask, or he had power to give.

Arſa.

Arſa. What Titles, Power, or Wealth can he beſtow,
To equal the bright Jewel he takes from me
Empires and Worlds, wou'd be too mean a prize
To Purchaſe the vaſt Treaſure of your Love.
Amar. Empires and Worlds, can never change my Heart;
Oh! No 'tis fixt, 'tis rooted to my Lord's.
Here on my Knees, to Heaven and you I ſwear,
If you perſiſt on this ungrateful Subject,
The King and Prince ſhall know how faithfully
You have Diſcharged the Truſt they laid upon you.
Arſa. Yet ſtay and hear me. (*Offers to Go.*
Amar. No, I never will,
Till you have found ſome other Theme to talk of.
Arſa. Farewell then, ſcornful Beauty; now by Love! (*Exit.*
That Love which thou ſo ill repay'ſt; I'll have thee
At laſt, thy Body ſhall be mine; thy Mind,
Diſpoſe on as thou wilt, 'tis Proud and Vain.

Enter Coreb.

O *Coreb!*
Cor. How now my Lord, ſtill plagu'd with hopeleſs Love,
Still in purſuit of one, who flies with ſcorn,
Still asking Heaven, for what it will not grant.
Why do ye not Command your Faithful *Coreb*
That has the power, as well as will, to ſerve you:
My Art has yet never been known to fail;
Pluto, *Allecto*, all have own'd my Charms:
The Infernal Court has waited my Command,
And ſhall agen, to ſerve *Arſaracus.*
Arſa. O *Coreb!* cou'd I purchaſe *Amarante*
But for a Night, for that one happy Night,
I'd be content to bear Eternal Pain;
All Pains, all Torments, but the Wracks of Love.
Cor. Be Cool, my Lord, and take Advice from me,
The King has o're the Gauls a Victory gain'd,
Locrinus too, his Son has won much Honour.
Who privately this Night comes to the Court;
The King is likewiſe Landed, and will be
At *London* in two Days, and on the third,

The Marriage 'twixt *Amarante* and the Prince,
Will be with ſplendour Solemnized.
Arſa. Their Marriage!
Is this the Comfort, that you made me hope;
O you have ſtruck a Fire into my Veins,
That muſt be quenched with Blood.
Cor. I, now y've hit it.
'Tis Blood, and Royal-blood, muſt work your Cure;
You ſhall not find me poor in my Aſſiſtance,
For I will give you Beauty, and a Crown;
A Crown, my brave *Arſaracus*, think on that;
Open thy Heart, and let Ambition in,
That glorious Ornament, to Valiant Soul.
Arſa. A Crown, and her I Love; Oh! thou haſt rouz'd me,
But ſay, my better Self, ſay thou great Artiſt;
Thou that haſt Hell at thy command; ſay, how,
How ſhall I graſp the ſubſtance of thoſe ſhadows
That Dance about in glittering Forms before me.
Cor. Be ſtill and ſilent; ſilent as the Grave,
And what ſo e're you ſee or hear, be conſtant;
Now you ſhall find, whatever 'tis I promiſe,
The whole Infernal Court ſhall ratifie.
You great Commanders of the *Stygian* Lake,
To whoſe known Power your Votary thus bowes.
Honour his Art, (and grace it with your Preſence,)
Whoſe Soul and Body is at your diſpoſe.

The Scene Changes to a Poetical Hell; there is a Figure of the Prometheus *Chain'd to a Rock, the Vulture knawing his Liver;* Siſiphus *rowling the Stone beyond abundance of Figures in various Torments; then a great Arch of Fire, behind this a Pyramide of Flames in perpetual Agitation; behind this glowing Fire which Terminates the Proſpect; then riſes the Court of* Pluto, *with him the Furies and* Alecto.

Pluto

Pluto Sings.

FRom Hills of Ice, and Heaps of rowling Snow,
From Lakes of Fire, that neither Ebb nor Flow;
From Sulphurous Flames, and from Peſtiferous Miſts,
From Terrors Infinite, where howling Gueſts,
Almoſt Affect there Torturers with their Cries,
Where Souls for ever Burn, and never Die;
Where Miſery is always but begun,
And only Wretched certainties are known,
Come we to know, what Coreb *wou'd Demand.*

Coreb. Great Prince, whoſe Faithful Subject I have been,
I do not now demand, but do implore,
That you wou'd grant your Aid to this young Lord;
Love and Ambition both poſſeſs his breaſt,
Valiant he is, and has a daring Soul
Fit to command the Empire of the World.
Pluto. What wou'd you have me do?
Cor. Moſt mighty Prince,
I have with ſtricteſt Care aſſiſted him;
But all my Magick Powers too weak alone;
For by my Art I find ſome Heavenly Being,
Some Guardian Angels has the Charge of *Brutus*,
That ſtill prevents his and *Auguſta*'s Ruine,
Therefore once more, I do implore your Aid,

PLUTO Sings.

OF all my whole Infernal Brood,
I'll give you one well Nurſt in Blood;
The Eldeſt Child of black Perdition,
One that is fit to ſerve Ambition.

Alecto. *See Noble Prince, how ready he ſtands*
With Blood-ſhed Eyes, and Crimſon Hands!

Minos. *He the glorious Work will do,*
For Miſchiefs his Delight,
The Bloody Buſineſs then purſue;
And ſhow'd his Glories in Eternal Night.
He was for mighty Miſchief made,
Miſchief is his Darling Trade.

Fury.

Fury. *Great Prince, I am at hand,*
To Obey thy great Command;
And Fear not me,
For you ſhall ſee
His great Renown
I'll ſoon pull down,
From its tow'ring Eagles Flight,
That ſoar'd high as the Poles,
To Creak with the Bat
And Hoot, Hoot, Hoot, with the Owles.

Chorus. Then you Furies advance,
Lead, lead up a Dance,
All ſhall be well
And we'll frolick in Hell
For our Enemy now we are humbling,
Make his Subjects Rebel
We ſhall ſoon fill up Hell,
And rejoyce, while the Wretches are Tumbling.
Advance of Envy.

Cor. Now brave *Arſaracus*, is there now a proſpect
That your vaſt wiſhes are to be obtain'd.
Arſa. I am a Man, a Man not uſed to fear.
But at this ſight each Artery is numb'd,
My Blood is chill'd, and has not power to flow:
Say, I ſhou'd now deſiſt, and go no farther;
Then may his Magick be employed on me,
To make me worſe then Damn'd; to make me ſee
Deſpair in all its Forms, to make me Mad,
And feel Hell here, and a worſe Hell hereafter.
Cor. What i'ſt, my Lord, you pauſe on.
Arſa. Oh, I'll tell thee,
The Image of thoſe miſerable Wretches
In all their different, yet Eternal Tortures
Has quite Un-man'd me, blown out all that Fire,
Love and Ambition, kindled in my Breaſt.
Cor. You would deſiſt then.
Arſa. Yes, I would' my *Coreb.*
Coreb. And quit the glorious Game, you'd ſo long Hunted.

Arſa.

Arſa. Ha.

Cor. See the bright *Amarante* made your Rival's
Her Beauteous Treaſures Rifled by another,
Cloſe lock'd within *Locrinus*'s longing Arms,
Feaſting on Pleaſures, while you feed on Pains;
And when he knows, as he will ſurely know
Your Treacherous Deſign to undermine him;
Oh what a grateful ſight it muſt be to you,
To ſee your Honours all at once, ſtript off;
And he that might have been a Monarch here,
Thruſt out a poor Diſcarded Wanderer.

Arſa. No more, O *Coreb!* Thou haſt fixt me now
Firm as a Rock to our great reſolution;
Methinks I ſee my ſelf already Crown'd,
The trembling Fair, brought blushing to the Temple;
The Prieſt prepared for the wiſh'd Ceremony;
The Night come on, the Bridal Bed Adorn'd,
While I Tranſported with her powerful Charmes,
Do to the height of all my bliſs make haſte.
And for that happy Hour,
Forgive whole Ages of my Torments paſt. (*Exit.*

Coreb. Go on, deluded Wretch, thou ſhalt not cool
Nor our great Maſters Empire want for Subjects,
While *Coreb* rules on Earth.
Since *Coreb*, by Heavens wrath is daſht to Hell;
Since all my hopes of future bliſs are gone,
I'll make more Fools into deſtruction run,
For 'tis ſome pleaſure not to fall alone.

ACT.

Act II. Scene I.

The Scene is a very pleasant Garden; in the midst of the great Walk is a Fountain, and on each side the Stage large Figures, standing in Shells, at the farther end is fill'd with Cascades.

Enter Amarante *and* Ragusa.

Amar. WHere is the pretty Talking Boy, *Ragusa*, I entertained this Morning?

Rag. He follow'd you into the Garden, Madam.

Amar. And have you seen him Cloath'd?

Rag. As you commanded.
I think you've well bestow'd your Charity.

Amar. 'Twas pity he shou'd have remain'd a Beggar;
Each word he speakes, methinks gives Harmony,
Pray call him hither, for I love to see him.

Enter Seraphino, *like a Page.*

Rag. He's coming this way, Madam.

Amar. Come hither, *Seraphino.*

Sera. Most honoured Lady, I attend your pleasure.

Amar. Thy voice sends forth such Musick, that I never
Was Ravisht with a more Celestial Sound,
Were every Servant in the World like thee,
So full of Goodness, Angels wou'd come down
To dwell with us; in this short day thou'st given me,
More pleasure then my Life produced before;
But it grows late, I'd have thee go to rest,
I fear thy Youth cannot dispence with watching.

Sera. O my dear Lady; I could weary Stars;
And force the wake full Moon to lose her Eyes,
To watch and wait by you, I'm blest, when with you,
Therefore my most loved Lady, do not bid

Your

Your Boy that loves you to depart from you,
For then you'll break his heart.
Amar. Be night me ſtill then,
In Golden Letters I'll ſet down this day
Which gave thee to me; little did I think
To meet ſuch Worlds of comfort in a Child,
When I beheld my little Beggar boy
Craving an Almes, which I with Joy beſtow'd!
I did believe thou'd prove my chief delight.
Sera. I ſhall be proud if my poor weak endeavours
Can pleaſe ſo good a Miſtreſs.
Amar. I have offer'd
Handfuls of Gold but to behold thy Parents,
I prithee, my dear boy, let me but ſee 'em,
Come, be not aſhamed.
Sera. I am not. I did never
Know who my Mother was, but by yon Pallace
Till'd with Celeſtial Courtiers, I dare aſſure you
My Father is in Heaven, and, Noble Miſtreſs,
If your Bright hour Glaſs do ſpend its ſand
No worſe then it does now, upon my life
You and I both ſhall meet my Father there,
And he ſhall bid us welcome.
Amar. Pretty Child, how Charming is his Language.

Enter Spungius *and* Hercius.

Now, Sirs, have you diſpoſed my Charity as I ordered?
Spun. Diſpoſed it, yes Madam, we have diſpoſed it;
For my part, Madam, I'm amazed at your Ladiſhips
Bounty, here have you out of your own Pocket
To day, reliev'd at leaſt half a dozen Priſoners,
And this you think is Charity, When to my knowledge
Half of 'em eat well from the Basket before,
And now they're out they can't tell where to get a dinner.
Her. Ay ay, Madam, my Fellow *Spungius* ſays
True, here do you Faſt, and Pray, and give to
The Poor to ſave their Souls, while they are

Curſing, Swearing, Eating and Drinking, to
Preſerve their Bodies.

Ama. How dare you call my Charity in queſtion?

Sera, My fellow ſervants, I wou'd have you all
Pitty the Poor, think of the many Bleſſings
That wait upon the Charitable hand,
The riches that you will enjoy hereafter
For a ſmall mite beſtowed upon the needy.

Amar. 'Tis well ſaid, *Seraphim,* and be ſure
You follow his good counſel.

Har, Hark'e Brother *Spongius,* who is this whipſter?

Spun. Peace, peace, 'tis my Lady's Page, ſhe found
Him mumping at the Temple dore this Morning,
And out of his patches of Canvas and Buckram,
She has put him into Silks and Satten.

Her. Ay ay, Brother, ſhe's a Charitable Woman, reſt her Soul,
She took us from the Gallows, as I take it, and inſtead
of a Brace of Halters about our necks, beſtowed a brace of Gold
Liveries upon our Backs.

Spun. We muſt have a great care *Hercius* how we talk,
For that's a Develiſh religious young ſpark,
He has entertain'd my Lady all this morning
With nothing but diſcourſes of *Elizium.*

Her. Elizium, Prithee what's that?

Spun. Nay, Faith I can't tell, he ſays he'l give us
An account of it one time or other.

Amar. Come, Dear *Auguſta,* the Air methinks grows cold,
Let's in.

Rag. Walk this way, Madam, for if I miſtake not,
I ſee my Lord *Arſaracus* coming yonder.
His looks are full of Joy, I hope, *Raguſa,*
He brings ſome News of my dear Lord's return.

Ragu. Pray Heaven he may, for I am ſtill in fear
His frighted love at laſt may turn to hate.

Enter

Enter Arſaracus.

Arſa. Madam, I beg you'd pardon this intruſion,
But I have news will give you double Joy.
The dazling Vertues that enrich your mind,
Has turn'd the Love which was by you deſpis'd
To true repentance, for my great preſumption.

Joanna. O, cou'd I but believe your words were real,
Cou'd I but think you had Maſter'd your wild paſſion,
I ſhou'd with Joy, not Anger, look upon you.

Rich. Then on my Knees, behold me a true Convert,
My ſtragling thoughts of honour all call'd back,
My Duty and Alleigance fixt ſo firm,
That Heaven it ſelf applauds, and Hell cant change it.

Sera. Heaven knows thy heart, but Hell commands thy actions.

Rich. Now, Madam, ſince I have with humbleſt duty
Expreſs'd my ſorrow for my bold preſumption,
I hope you will recall your wonted goodneſs.
And thô I have err'd, make not my error known
To my much injur'd Prince, and Royal Friend,
Who is Arrived, and with impatience Loſt,
Directs his ſteps this way.

Joanna. Ha! What ſaid you?
Is my dear Lord in ſafety then return'd?
Oh! for thy News be all thy faults forgotten;
For what thou haſt ſaid, brings to my heart more Joy
Then thy ten welcome Love, before brought horror.

Rich. The Shouts and Trumpets do proclaim him near;
May you be ſtill a bleſt and happy pair
While life does laſt, and Hell make haſt to part you.

Aſide.

Trumpets ſound, Enter Locrinus *attended.*

Locri. Enough good Heaven, You'ave recompenc'd my pains.
The Toils, the Hardſhips, and the many dangers
I have paſs'd through, you now have well rewarded.
So when the Soul is from the body fled,
Driven by Convulſive torments from its manſion,
Is of a ſudden ſnatcht to endleſs bliſs,
And all the wounds that it recevved on Earth,
Healed at laſt by the ſweet balm of Heaven.

Amar. Oh! My dear Prince, my ever honour'd Lord,
Your ſight brings joys to great to be expreſs'd.
Now farewel all my fears, all my diſquiets.
You like the Sun have chaſed thoſe Clouds away,
That hung between my happineſs and me.

Locri. Durſt any fawcy fear invade thy breaſt,
A Manſion fit for Angels to inhabit.
O let no Cares ever approach my fair one,
The burthen of thy ſorrows lay on me,
And all the bleſſings of the World be thine.

Arſar. Ten Thouſand welcomes to my much lov'd Lord,
And may ſucceſs ſtill wait upon his Armes,
May he continue ſtill the pride of *Europe*,
And Love and Conqueſt Crown his Youthful brows.

Locri. Arſaracus, my beſt and trueſt Friend,
Thou faithful Guardian of this moſt loved Treaſure.
Were I the Monarch of this Glorious Iſland,
Nay, were the Univerſe at my diſpoſe
I cou'd not in that vaſt extent of Riches
Find out a Recompence for all thy care.

Arſ. I am, my Lord, ſufficiently rewarded,
The Joy of ſeeing you ſo ſafe return'd
Brings double bleſſings to your faithful Servant.

Sera. Diſſembling Hypocrite. (*Aſide.*

Ama. My deareſt Lord, the night comes faſt upon us,
And the bleak Air compels us to withdraw.

Loc. We will, my faireſt; let me have one look more,
Here cou'd I grow, gaze upon thee ever,

For

For all the Beauties of thy Sex are in thee.
Devouring Cankers gnaw upon her Beauty,
Till she's despised, and scorned, as I am by her. (*Aside.*
Locri. Before the Sun has finish'd twice his course
I shall have full possession of my wishes.
The King my love, the King my Royal Father
Has given his Consent to make me happy,
And Crown my Joys with thy desired embraces.
Oh, the distracting hours that are to come,
Till *Hymens* Torch light to our Nuptial bed.
Impatience makes me angry with the Sun,
Who has so little care of longing Lovers,
As not to change his constant lazy course;
Were he a pitying God, he'd Lash his Steeds,
And drive his fiery Chariot with such hast,
That the Circumference of the mighty Globe
In one short hour shou'd be encompass'd round.
Amar. Oh that your love wou'd keep thus firm for ever.
Forgive me, my dear Lord, forgive my fears,
I do not doubt your Faith, but my own Merits.
Locri. Thou Sha't not doubt, I'm sure thou need'st not doubt,
For the Poles are not firmer fixt then I am;
Heaven, thô it cast our Bodies in two moulds,
Gave but one Soul, which cannot be divided.
We, my *Joanna*, the decrees of Fate
Shall first be blotted from their Sacred Roules.
Bright *Phebas* round the World refuse to move,
And cease to Shine, e'er I can cease to Love. (*Exit.*

Manet Rich.

Arsa. The Curse of Jealousie infect your minds,
But wherefore does the knawing VVorm despair,
Posses me now, now when my hopes stnnd fair
To ruin him, both in his Love and Fortune,
Coreb.

Enter Coreb.

Cor. My Lord.
Arsa. My ever faithful Friend

Now

Now is the time, now if thou would'st assist me.
Lend me thy speedy Counsel what to do.
Cor. My Lord, I have follow'd hitherto your fortunes,
And cannot rest till I have shewn my self
What I profes, your true and faithful Servant.
I see the Princes Love is desperate, but withal,
I see a way to quench his violent flame,
As thus;
We must infect his mind with Jealousie.
Arsa. That be your task; the rest let me perform.
Rich. What dost thou mean? Which way can he be jealous
That has the heart of one chast as *Diana*.
Cor. The Young Lord *Soizinus* is an instrument
the fittest we can work on. I will find
A means to bribe her Servant, i'th' mean time
Do you endeavour to Possess the Prince,
And nothing shall be wanting to your wishes.
Rich. I will consider ont.
Cor. It does not need.
Why are you melancholy, come, my Lord,
Sit down, I will divert your restless mind;
Where are my *Damons*, let me have Music there.
Still him if possible in spite of Love,
And let him nod into forgetfulness.

(*He waves his wand, and behind the Fountain rises a Triton and a Sea Nymph, who sing a Dialogue.*

A Dialogue between a *Triton* and a *Nayad*.

Triton. *OH! Turn and be kind, my dear Nymph of the Flood*
I burn in cold Water, Love's fire's in my blood.
At the bate of your Face some but nimble and look,
But I gap'd like a Gudgeon, and swallow'd the hook;

I was

I was Jolly and Fat as a Porpus *before,*
But now no Red Herring's more ſhotten and poor;
Yet while I purſue you, you coldly cry piſh,
Then Flounce, and away ſwim as mute as a Fiſh.

Nymph. *'Tis hard to ſwim againſt the ſtream,*
Yet we muſt fly, tho' we eſteem,
For, Triton, *when a Nymph's your own*
You wind your ſelf, and then you're gon
To ſhun that ill, from you I'll keep,
And hide my bluſhes in the deep.

Triton. *Hold, hold, I'm a Pyrate, and make you my Prize,*
Charm'd with thoſe green Treſſes, bright Scales, and blue Eyes,
Yet truſt me, I'm conſtant, and hot as the Sun,
Each night to thy Boſome to cool me I'll run.

Nymph. *In the Evening hot, but cold next dawn,*
You go, and leave us ſwell'd with ſpawn,
To keep you long none can prevail,
Your Slippery Eeles held by the tail.
To ſhun that fate from you I'll keep,
And hide my Bluſhes in the Deep.

Triton. *On a Bed of green Ooſe, Let me ſhew you a prize,*
A Branch of rough Coral, and Pearls of huge ſize,
Go with me my dear, and this Coyneſs give over,
They're yours as a pledge of the warmth of your Lover.

CHORUS.

Nymph. Oh do not leave ſtrugling, I'll never give over.

Triton. Nay prithee leave ſtrugling, I'll never give over.

(Carries her away and plunges with her.

After the Dialogue riſes eight Statues who leap of their Pedeſtals and Dance, after the Dance they ſink with the Fountain.

Rich. I thank thee, honeſt *Coreb*, for thy care,
How paſs the hours.
Cor. My Lord, 'tis almoſt Midnight.
Rich. This is a time of reſt for all but me,
Now the Day-labouring Souls are all refreſht,
Pride, Pomp and Luxury are all withdrawn,
And Vanity a full ceſation makes.
Lewdneſs it ſelf at this time Lazy grows,
And the tired ſenſes doſe upon their pleaſures;
The Atheiſt now grows Pall'd in wickedneſs,
And Slumbers o'er the ſcandal of his Spleen.
Even Murder's huſh'd, Adultery ſecure
The Veil of Heaven to the utmoſt verge is ſtretch'd,
And the high noon of Darkneſs lulls the World.
O Love! When art thou huſh'd, or when art hid,
Arts utmoſt ſubtilty is loſt on thee,
And ſpight of all deſcretion, in thy Eyes
Ten Thouſand Tel-tales bark in thy hot beams,
But I'll no more indulge the vanity
of this proud fair, ſhe ſhall be mine or die.
If I find ſhe's not for me decreed,
I'll Court Revenge, and ſmile to ſee her bleed.

ACT.

ACT III.

The SCENE is, *A very Pleaſant Grove, and Stately Garden, belonging to the Pallace; the Great Walk is bounded on either ſide with Figures of Gold; and in large Vaſes of Gold, are Orange, Lemon, and other Trees.*

Enter Herſius *and* Spungius.

Her. TUrn Religious! I wou'd I had his Conſcience in a Cloven Stick, that made me firſt think of Religion.

Spun. It was that Ape in White, that Boy *Seraphino*, made us turn Religious.

Her. Ay, a diſſembling little Hypocrite, he told us the fineſt Tales of *Paradice*, and what fine Lives we ſhou'd lead when we came there, that, I'gad, 'twou'd have made a *Turk* turn'd Toper, to have heard him; and now all our promis'd Pleaſures are turn'd to Tears and Grimmaces.

Spun. And Sighing and Sobbing.

Her. And Knocking your Breaſt, and Thumping your hard Heart, to know whether Goodman *Frailty* be within, or no: If theſe be the Pleaſures of Religion, I'gad, I'll be Hang'd before I'll follow 'em; I have led ſuch a Life of Sorrow, Brother, ſince yeſterday, that a Dog is not able to indure the Faſting and Praying I have undergone.

Spun. I wonder, Brother *Herſius*, what the Pleaſures of *Elizium* are?

Her. Why, I fancied you muſt know that in every Corner there, I ſhou'd have found a Young Handſome Wench ready to have devour'd me; but there's no ſuch Pleaſure in Religion as I can find.

Spun. And I fancied we ſhou'd have had all the brave Drinks and Eatables, as *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*, as the Poet calls it, and ſuch like.

Her. *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*, prithee, Brother *Spungius*, what's that?

Spun, Why 'tis a Liquor the God's drink when they mean to make Merry; and when their Hands are in, they make no more of Duſting of a Tub of *Nectar*, then we do of a Tub of *Greek* Wine: But when ſhall I come to thoſe Delicious Pleaſures? If I cou'd but tell that I ſhou'd be ſatisfy'd.

Her. Ay, marry, I believe the beſt of 'em all wou'd be glad to be ſecur'd that; in the mean time they are glad to be ſecur'd with fat Livings, whoſe Trade it is to tell us of *Elizium*; for I obſerve, they are much more afraid of Dying, than we Whorers and Drinkers, Brother *Spungius*.

Spun. But hark ye *Herſius*; Why do they impoſe ſuch Duties and Penalties upon us?

Her. That is to make us Obedient, and them Rich; that what Pleaſures they doubt of in th' other World, they may take in this before they go thither.

Spun. I wonder whether or no, *Bacchus* be Religious? For if he be not *Elizium*, we ſhall have but a dry time on't.

Her. *Bacchus*; yes, yes, *Bacchus* is head Butler there: But ſee who comes here, Brother *Spungius*.

Spung. It is the Lord *Arſaracus*'s Secretary; a rare Fellow they ſay, *Herſius*.

Enter Coreb.

Cor. Well met, my honeſt Friends.

Spung. We thank you, Sir.

Cor. What; are you in Conſultations about your new Reſolutions of leading your Lives Religious and Soberly.

Her. Soberly; yes, we have liv'd, indeed, very Soberly ſince Yeſterday.

Spung. Ay truly, Sir, and very Chaſtly too; we have abſtain'd both from the Grape and the Fleſh.

Cor. Why who wou'd live in Service of a Lady, that will debar them of their Choiceſt Pleaſures? What Diverſion do

you

you find in Prayings? What good do you get by wearing out your Feet to run on Scurvy Errands to the Poor, and to beat Money to a ſort of Rogues, and Lowſie Priſoners.

Spun. Pox on 'em, I never proſper'd ſince I did it.

Cor. You are rightly ſerv'd; before that Lady had to do with you, Women, Wine and Money, flowed in abundance to you, Did it not?

Her. O thoſe Days, thoſe Days!

Cor. Come, beat not your Breaſts, nor tear your Hair in Madneſs: Be ruled by me, thoſe Days ſhall come again; and better, mark me, better.

Spung. As I take it, Sir, you belong to his Grace *Arſaracus?*

Cor. Yes, yes, in ſhew, his Servant; but hark hither; take heed no Body liſtens.

Her. Not a Mouſe ſtirs.

Cor. I am a Prince diſguis'd.

Spun. Diſguis'd! how Drunk?

Cor. Why faith, my Boys, I'll Drink too, and be Drunk: I am a Prince, and any Man by me, (let him but keep my Rules) ſhall ſoon be Rich, exceeding Rich, moſt infinitely Rich; if you'll ſerve me, ye ſhan't be ſtarv'd from Pleaſures, as other poor Rogues are, but take your fill.

Her. Serve you, I'gad I'd ſerve you before any Prince under the Zodiack.

Spung. Ay, by *Jove*, or above it either.

Cor. and you will quit your Miſtreſs?

Her. Quit her, hang her; a Man cannot thrive worſe, if he ſerved the Devil.

Cor. How! the Devil? I'll tell ye what now of the Devil; he's no ſuch horrid Creature, Cloven-Footed, Black Sawcer-Ey'd, his Noſtrils breathing Fire; as theſe Lying Religious Fools wou'd make you believe.

Spun. No!

Cor. No, no, he's more Loving to Man, than Man to Man is.

Her. Alack, good Gentleman, how is he wrong'd?

Spun. Wou'd we two cou'd come acquainted with him.

Cor. You ſhall; he's a wondrous Good Fellow, Loves a Cup of Wine, a Whore, or any thing.

Her. Do's he love a Whore, ſay you?

Cor. Oh mightily!

Her. 'Gad I'll help him to one then; ſhe is not very handſome, but ſhe's well enough; ſhe offer'd her ſelf to the Playhouſes, and they refuſed her; and if once the Players refuſe her, I'm ſure ſhe's fit for no Body but the Devil.

Cor. Well ſaid my Lad; 'tis ten to one in a ſhort time *I* bring him to the Tavern to you.

Spun. 'Gad I'll beſpeak the beſt Room in the Houſe for him: But pray, Sir, Does the Devil pay Two Shillings a Flask for his Wine?

Cor. Oh always.

Spun. Then *I* find he has ſome Relation to us *Britans*, he'd never ſuffer himſelf to be made ſuch a Bubble elſe: But pray, do's the Devil love Dancing, Sir?

Cor. O yes, extreamly! Loves Dances; but of a different ſort to what you have here: I'll ſhew you, to divert you, the Faſhion of his Country.

Spun. O Lord, Sir, you'll oblige us woundily.

Coreb *waves his Wand, and a Miſty Cloud riſes out of the Earth; as it aſcends, a great Wind-mill is diſcovered, out of which comes Millers, and Countrey Women, who Dance: After their Dance, the Wind-mill is changed into a Witch, out of which come ſeveral Devils, who Dance with the Witch, and then ſink.*

Cor. Now what think ye?

Her. Think? Why *I* think *I* ſhall never be at quiet till I'm with the Devil.

Cor. If you knew him ſo well as I do, you'd be more impatient: Why there's nothing you can ask him for, but immediately it's brought ye: Ask for a handſome Whore, you have her preſently.

Spun. And will the Devil keep the Door, Sir.

Cor. No, no, that's below his Dignity; but he has thoſe ready at hand that will.

Spun. But pray, Sir, when ſhall we enter into Service, for I'm impatient?

Cor.

Cor. To morrow Morning; but one Piece of Service you muſt do me firſt.

Her. Any thing; Pray be pleas'd to Command us; I'll not ſcruple any thing that may be ſerviceable to you, upon my Word.

Spun. Nor I, tho' 'twere to hang my Mother, and Raviſh her afterwards. Pray, Sir, what is't.

Cor. 'Tis this: the Prince, and the young Lord *Sozimon*, this Day Feaſt with your Lady; I'd have you put this into her Drink: and you, be mindful to Spice the Lord *Sozimon*'s Bowl with this; and when your Feaſting's over, let me privately into your Lady's Chamber.

Her. Into her Chamber! Ay, Sir, into her Bed, if your Worſhip pleaſes.

Cor. Well ſaid: Do this, and you ſhall both be happy.

Spun. Never fear us, Sir; I gad, I'll Pepper my Lady's Bowl, I'll warrant you.

Her. And I, my Lords, as I hope to be acquainted with the Devil. *Exit.* Her. *and* Spun.

Cor. Poor helpleſs Fools; How greedily for Gold
Wou'd theſe vain Wretches, ſacrifice their God.
Now, proud *Auguſta*, is thy Ruine near:
Nor will I let my Art be baffled longer;
But I muſt watch a Time, when *Seraphino*
Is abſent from the Mighty Charge he holds,
See where *Auguſta* comes, with *Thameſis*.
Now were a Time to check her Tow'ring Pride,
And lay her Lofty Palaces in Duſt.
I'll do't: But ha! my Ancient Enemy (Angelo *ſeen in the*
Is ſtill at hand, to vanquiſh my Deſigns: *Air with* Hermes.
But tho' I now am of Revenge debarr'd,
If Hell have Power, thou ſhalt not long eſcape me. *Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis falſe, malicious Fiend: No, poor *Auguſta*,
Thou art the Care of Heaven, by whoſe Command,
Hermes, and I, do hover ſtill about thee.
Iris, by *Juno*, is already ſent
To Guard thy Moſt-Lov'd Monarch ſafe to Land,
And bleſs his Country with his Wiſh'd-for Preſence.

Mercury

Mercury *sings.*

SEE the opening Clouds divide asunder,
And see, see, yonder,
The Angry Wife of Jove, *descending from Above,*
More loud than all Jove's *Thunder.*

Juno *descends on her* Peacock: *As it comes near the Stage, the Clouds open and discover the Tail of the* Peacock, *which is so wide, it almost covers the Stage.* Juno *comes forward, and sings.*

Juno. *No,* Hermes, *no, all Quarrels cease,*
In Heaven, as well as Earth, 'tis Peace;
Jove by the Stygian Lake *has swore,*
His Wandring Love shall Rove no more.

Thamesis *sings.*

Great Queen, who shin'st with those bright Beams,
Whose Glory gilds my Streams,
See what Bending Knees we pay Thee,
Thus Adore Thee, thus Obey Thee.

Augustina *sings.*

Bright Queen of Hymen's *hallow'd Fires,*
The Sovereign of all Chast Desires,
That with true Joy the Genial Bed inspires;
See what Bending Knees we Pay Thee,
Thus Adore Thee, thus Obey Thee.

Chorus. *Great Queen,* &c.

Iris

Iris *descends on a Rainbow, and comes forward.*

Juno. *Say* Iris *say, from the* Batavian *Strand,*
What News hast thou brought o're?
Hast thou Obey'd my Great Command,
And brought Great Albion *safe to Shore.*

Iris. Neptune, *his Brother, Lord o'th' Ocean,*
And his Sea-Nymphs whole Devotion;
Venus *in her Shell attends him,*
Her Fair Hand, and Smiles, she lends him,
Thousand Prayers to waft him o're,
And carefully has brought him safe to Shore.
See, see, the Crowds, and Joys all round,
Welcome Thunders all before,
Till the Gods Joyn in the Chorus,
Welcome, Heaven and Earth resound.

Mercury. *If Mortals Laugh and Sing,*
'Tis time we Gods take Wing,
To mount and send her down,
The Guardian of his Crown;
Astrea *who from Earth was driven,*
Till Albion *call'd her back from Heaven.*

Chorus. Then all prepare to Sing his Fame,
Sing all, Sing all, Great *Albion*'s Name:
For 'twas by Mighty *Jove* Decreed,
This Island should by him be freed.

While this Chorus *is Singing,* Juno, Iris, *and* Mercury *ascend.*

After

After the Musick, Augusta *speaks.*

Aug. Come, *Thamesis*, prepare to meet our Lord,
Let him glide gently on these Silver Streams,
While I with all my stately Towers prepare
To welcome him from his long Toyls of War. *Exit.*

Enter Arsaracus, *and* Locrinus.

Ars. Hear me but out, my Lord.
Loc. Forbear to tempt me
With the least sound against her Constant Vertue;
I should as soon believe the Queen of Night
Wou'd mount the Fiery Chariot of the Day,
And to that God resign her Chastity,
As my dear *Aramante* injure me.
Ars. My Lord, I bear the same Belief with you;
But when I hear so many busie Tongues
With Private, Publick Whisperings, proclaiming
The Great Dishonour of my Much-lov'd Prince,
My Duty and Allegiance both start up,
And bid me shew my self your Real Friend.
Loc. Why? dost thou think she's false?
Ars. Not I, by Heaven:
But the poor Lady, arm'd with Innocence,
May pour forth Favours to Unthinking Men,
Whose Vanity may make her Vertuous Freedom
Seem to the World, a Blemish of her Mind.
Loc. By Heaven, and thou say'st right; our Foolish Youth
Cannot be Judges of a Real Vertue;
Their Folly is the only Glass they look in,
And what to Noble Minds shou'd Beauteous seem,
To them appears Deform'd. *Arsaracus*, I thank thee;
And tho' I know her Soul is clear as Day,
Yet in her Conduct she may chance to err.
Ars. 'Tis true, my Lord, clear Souls, still take most Freedom.
Loc. I'll instantly Attend upon my Love,

And

And with my ſtricteſt Care contrive a way
To ſtop the Cenſure of Unknowing Fools,
Whoſe Judgment Indiſcretion over-rules. *Exit.*

Arſ. Now *Coreb*, now, if thou but keep thy Promiſe,
How many Wrecks will tear his hated Soul?
But ſhould his ſwelling Rage burſt forth on her,
And Paſſion thruſt him on her Innocent Life,
Then what I have with Care ſtrove to obtain,
Muſt be faſt lock'd in the Cold Arms of Death:
I cannot bear the thought on't. O my *Coreb*,
If thou haſt News of Joy, declare it quickly.

Enter Coreb.

Cor. 'Tis done, 'tis done, my Lord, I left the Prince
Tearing the Ground like an entangled Lyon.
Arſ. Haſt thou ſucceeded then?
Cor. Beyond my Hopes.
Soon as the Potion had its wiſh'd Effects,
Amarante did retire into her Chamber,
Where on her Couch ſhe laid her ſelf to reſt,
The young Lord *Soziſmond*, whom I had before
Drawn from the Company, on pretence of Buſineſs,
Sate himſelf down, and in a little time
The drowſie God of Sleep o'repower'd him;
In which, I, by the Aſſiſtance of two Knaves
That I had bought by Gold and Promiſes,
I laid him gently by the Counteſs's ſide;
And in that Poſture has the Prince ſurpriz'd 'em.
Arſ. And what's become of *Soziſmond*?
Cor. I heard the Prince
Give Order to the Guards for his Confinement;
And had not they ſtept in, he had murder'd him.
But ſee, he comes, my Lord, we had beſt retire.
Arſ. Yes, I will go, and hug my ſelf, to think
How eaſie 'tis to make a Great Man wretched. *Exit.*

Enter Locrinus, *followed by* Amarante.

Amar. Yet ſtay and hear me, Oh, my honour'd Lord:
Thus, on my Knees, I beg you'd give me Hearing.
Loc. How canſt thou dare to be within my Preſence?
Or think of living, after thou haſt wrong'd me?
Amar. When I do wrong you, may I ceaſe to live.
Loc. Nay, prithee, add not to thy impious Crime,
And varniſh o're thy Whoredom with a Lye:
Had I but only heard, not ſeen thy Falſhood,
I cou'd not have believed, tho' Heaven had ſpoke it:
But to behold ye clung like 'twiſted Adders,
Tyr'd and doz'd o're your vicious Sin,
Let me not think on't: Get thee from my Sight;
Madneſs is buſie Working in my Brain,
And all my Thoughts are bent on Blood and Murder.
Amar. Let it be ſo; I'm prepar'd for Death:
And tho' I'm ſure 'twas the curs'd Power of Magick
That caſt this Darkning Miſt over my Fame,
Yet I will kneel, and grow beneath your Feet,
Till I have made you ſenſible you wrong me.
Loc. I beg thou wou'dſt not tempt my Juſtice long,
For I do love thee, tho' I know thee falſe:
And, O, bear Witneſs, you Immortal Powers,
I throw thee from my Sight with greater Pain
Than our firſt Parents left their Paradice:
For tho' thy Canker'd Soul is Spotted o're,
Thy Face is ſtill enrich'd with all its Beauties.
Amar. What ſhall I ſay, or how ſhall I convince you?
Loc. There's not a Poſſibility in Nature;
And all the Pleaſure thou canſt give me now,
Is to retire, and never ſee me more.
Amar. Since it will pleaſe my Lord, I will be gone;
But when I'm dead, as I ſhall quickly be,
For long I cannot bear this Separation,
May Heaven, that ſees how I'm with Wrongs oppreſt,
Make my Truth known, and I ſhall be at reſt. *Exit.*

Loc.

Lat. You ſwelling Mountains, that o're-view the Earth,
Fall now, make me eternally unſeen;
Philoſophy, contract thy Meek Sage Brow,
Let Patience be no more thy Saint; as ſoon
Give Medicines to the Dead, bid Statues walk,
And Angry Winds ſleep Quiet in the *North*;
As ſoon bid empty Lyons play with Kids,
And bid the ſhaggy *Scythian* Mourn and Weep
As Virgins do when they Interr their Loves;
The blind and ſhuffled Elements, that firſt
In Chaos ſtrove, were not ſo oppoſite
As this Religious Froſt is to my Heat.
Patience, thou art more fond than Teeming Wives,
Tamer then Sleep. Divinity, which calls
Our Anger, Sin, and Courage, Pride, has ſent
This ſilly Cherubim to Earth, this Patience
The Coward's Sword, that only does Diſarm,
Dull Sleep, that neither can, nor wou'd do harm. *Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Continued.*

Enter Hertius, *and* Spungius Galy, *dreſt with fine Cloaths, and a* French *Page.*

Her. COme on Brother *Spungius*, good Times are come agen:
See what we have got by being in the Faſhion,
And kicking that troubleſome Companion, Religion,
Out of our Conſciences.

Spung. Ay, ay, Brother *Hertine*, happy is he, I say, that can get into the Service of the Devil. Page.

Page. Monſieur.

Hert. What Anſwer did the Lady make to my Letter.

Page. A Garzoone, me was never ſo much put to't before, Jerne, me have Pimp, for all de Noble-men of *France*, and receive much *Lar-Jon*; but by Gar, me have met wid nothing for my Good Inchination of Pimping for you, but Kicks, Buffets, a Broken Pate, Morbleu.

Spung. Why, Sirrah, Sirrah, do ye intend to Serve in the Honourable Poſt of Page, to our Worſhips, and Grumble at a Broken Pate.

Page. No, Garzoone, me ſhou'd no have Grumble, if you had de Lady; but by Gar, ſhe ſpeak no much Love of him, ſhe put up my toder Maters Money in her Pocket.
And then, Jerne, ſhe bid her Footman kick me down Stairs.

Her. Well, well, I'll deal well enough with her.

Page. It had been well vor Monſieur a moy, if her Footman had dealt well a by me.

Spun. Peace, Sirrah, here's the Devil's Privy Counſellor, we muſt have a great Care of Grumbling in his Company.

Enter Coreb.

Cor. Well, my good Boys,
How de you find your ſelves, ſince your new Service?

Her. Why, as the Devil would have it, we are mighty well Contented.

Spun. We are only afraid, we ſha'nt have the Power to deſerve theſe Mighty Favours, the Right Worſhipful Mr. *Lucifer* is pleas'd to Confer upon us.

Cor. Fear not, 'tis in your Power to ſerve him now:
Who is that with you?

Her. That, Sir, 'tis our Page: We are reſolv'd to live as great as we can, that the Devil mayn't looſe any Credit by us.

Cor.

Cor. Well ſaid, I'm come to Dine with you.

Spun. 'Faith, Sir, you ſhall be very welcome.

Cor. Nay, you ought to bid me welcome, ſince I bring my Fare with me

Spun. In your Pocket, Sir?

Cor. That you ſhall ſee:

Waves his Wand, and a Banquet riſes, they ſit down, and two Scaramouch *Men, and two* Scaramouch *Women Enter and Dance: Then two* Harlaquin *Men and Women. After the Dance,* Coreb *ſpeaks.*

Cor. You ſee how very kind I have been to you; which Kindneſs I'll continue, if you're Faithful.

Spun. Faithful; Pray, Sir, don't be ſo unkind, as to doubt us? Command us to Hang our ſelves; and to ſhew how Zealous we are, we won't ſtay for Ropes, but do it in our own Garters.

Cor. Then hear me, Friends: The Prince this Morning goes to meet the King: Now I would have you two, with others that I have imploy'd already, to intercept him; and when you behold the Lord *Arſaracas*, in private Conference with him, ſtrike this into his Heart. [*Gives a Dagger.*

Her. We'll do't.

Spun. Fear not, we'll open his Belly, and Hang him in his own Guts.

Cor. Come on then, be but firm, and you ſhall proſper.

Her. Never doubt us, Sir: Come, Page, *Alon.*

[*Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE changes to the *Cliff* of *Dover*, *Auguſta*, *Thameſis*, and their Followers riſe out of the Sea and Sing.

CHORUS.

HAil Royal *Albion*! Hail to thee!
Sent from the Gods, to ſet us free
From Bondage, and from Slavery.

Thameſis. *Hark, I am call'd; old Father Ocean*
Calls my Tide;
Come away.
On the Mounting Billows dancing,
See the Royal Bark advancing;
The Waves, the Wind and Sea,
Are all at Albion's *dear Devotion.*

1ſt Triton. *See the Merry Boatſwain too,*
Has call'd his Jolley Crew,

Chorus. Come, come, come, *&c.*

A Dance of ſix Watermen.

Neptune. *See, ſee, the Sea Gods trim thy Sails,*
Every Nymph in all her Pride.

1ſt Triton. *Wafted by the Calmer Gales,*
O're thy own Main Triumphant Ride.

Auguſta. *Each Neried does her Locks adorn,*
And every Triton minds his Horn:
The Lovely Mermaid too, behold
How ſhe Combs her flowing Gold:
Without a Snare, or Charm, ſhe ſings,
Welcome to the beſt of Kings.

Chorus. Welcome, &c.

Apollo deſcends in his Chariot.

Apollo. Albion *all Hail! Thou Sacred Head!*
Heavens Darling Care, no Danger dread:
For Walls of Fate, thy Life Encloſe,
The Plots of thy Malitious Foes,
Abhor'd above, Expos'd below,
Their own dull Light ſhall ſhew
Treaſon, which her Infernal Train
Works in her Helliſh Mines in vain.

Chorus. *Albion,* all Hail, &c.

Apollo. *My Oracles declare, When he has done*
His finiſh'd Work of Fate,
And broke the Univerſal Yoke,
A Smiling Race of Years, his Reign ſhall
[*Crown.*

A Song in Three Parts.

AT Albion's *Return, this Happy Iſle,*
Dries up her Widows Tears;
And with a Smile, Plumes like a Bride,
With Joy and Pride.
The Meadows ſmile, the Groves and Flowers are Gay,
All Nature chears up at this Great and Glorious Day.

Cho. At *Albion*'s Return, *&c.*

Enter King Locrinus, *and two Lords.*

King. How different is the Clime, to what I left it?
My Kingdom ſure, is by Enchantment Govern'd?
Muſick attends us both by Sea and Land:
Eccho's of Joy ſtill hover round about us;
But for what Cauſe, Heaven only can be Judge.
1ſt Lord. It ſhews that Heaven rejoyces at your Safety.
King. *I* hope *I* have with ſtricteſt Care perform'd
The Charge, which Heaven, and you, have laid upon me;
But blame me not, if *I* appear Concern'd
At the Unuſual and Surprizing Accidents.
2d Lord. *I* muſt confeſs, my Liege, 'tis moſt amazing.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Thou ſeemſt in haſt; Quickly declare thy Meſſage.
Meſſ. My Leige, the Prince your Son with a ſmall Guard
Was haſting to your Majeſty,
While Treacherous *Arſaracus* who bore him Company,
Did with a band of Ruffins fall upon 'em;
But a ſtrong Party of your Guards approaching,
The Villains fled, but were ſoon overtaken,
And *Arſaracus* with the reſt are bringing hither.
King. Is't poſſible? Cou'd *Arſaracus* play the Villain?
And to my Son, a Prince that made his Fortunes,
From a mean State raiſed him to Power and Greatneſs!
Where is there Truth or Honour to be found,
If thoſe whom we have foſter'd in our Boſoms
Should like ungrateful Snakes ſting to our Hearts?

Enter Locrinus, Arſaracus, Herſius, Spungius, *&c.*
Priſoners. The Prince Kneels.

Locr. Angels be Guardians to my Royal Father;
And Heaven with Bleſſings Crown his Virtuous Reign.
May Treaſon be a Stranger to his Realms,
And all the Plots of his Malicious Foes
Fall doubly on the Curſt Contrivers Heads.

King. Thank thee, my Son; Riſe; let me look a little,
To ſee where *Villain*'s writ upon that Man:
Not in his Face that bears a ſhew of Honeſty;
His Perſon too caſt in a Noble Form,
No 'tis within, and his Ignoble Soul
All over does the ſtamp of Villain bear.

Locr. Sir, on my Knees I beg you'd calm your Anger,
For he has made me ample ſatisfaction.
And by his free Confeſſion clear'd the Fame
Of my ador'd, my beſt lov'd *Amarante.*

King. Cou'd any Villain dare to blaſt her Virtue?

Locr. The Story, Royal Sir's too long to tell.
But give me leave Sir, to perform my Promiſe,
Which was to ſpare his Life; and on my Knees
I beg that you will grant it.

King. I will my Son.
But never more appear within my Kingdom:
Go, wander thro' the World, like the firſt Murderer;
Thou needſt no Mark, thy Crimes will ſpeak themſelves.

Arſar. I go, and Noble Prince, the Life you give,
I'le wear in hopes that it may do you Service.
My baniſhment, I do Embrace with Joy, and
I have now no farther uſe for Life,
But to repent I ever wrong'd ſuch Virtue. (*Exit.*

Locr. Now Villain, what canſt thou ſay?

Dor. Why, I am ſorry I have tane ſuch pains to do ſo little miſchief.

King. Drag him to the Gibbet.

Cor. I defie ye, Laugh at ye.
And when you ſee me next take care of me. (*Sinks.*

King. Amazing.

Span. What is he gone and left us. Why Bro. *Herſtus*, we ſhall never be able to find the way to the Devil without him.

Locr.

Locr. Now, what can you expect? ungrateful Villains!

Herſ. Why we expect to be hang'd, and I dare Swear you won't let us go without our Expectations,

King. To Priſon with 'em. Leave 'em to the Law;
They are not worth our Anger: Come my Son,
I thought by mildneſs to have rul'd my Subjects,
But I perceive they'l rowze the ſleeping Sword,
And force Revenge from their Offended Lord.

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, the Thames.

As the King enters, the Cave of Proteus *riſes, which conſiſts of Twelve Arches of the* Tuſcan *Order: The Frontiſpiece is adorn'd with a* Tritan, *a* Neired, *and ſeveral Sea-monſters, enrich'd with Mother-Pearl, Coral, and Sea-ſhells. At the farther end* Proteus *appears, with his Followers, who come forward and ſing.*

A SONG.

Proteus. ALbion, *belov'd of Earth and Heaven,*
Bid rough War and Battel ceaſe;
Return with Fame when thou haſt driven
The hunted Tyrant *down, and given*
TO Europe *a Univerſal Peace.*

Chor. Albion *belov'd, &c.*

Pro-

Proteus. Albion! Albion! *Heaven attends him;*
Heaven its Guardian-Angels lends him:
Nor wonder Heaven's beſt Smile defends him,
When for Heaven his Sword he draws,
His Standard's Heaven, and Heaven's his Cauſe.

King. You great all-knowing Powers, that rule the World,
Who ſtill to ſure Succeſs have guided me;
Thus on my Knees I pay, with humble Duty,
Submiſſive Thanks for all theſe wondrous Bleſſings.
And you my faithful Subjects ſtill ſhall find,
Your Liberties and Laws I will maintain;
And not with Terror, but with Mercy reign. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a ſtately Palace, compos'd of wreath'd Columns of the Corinthian *Order; the Wreathings are adorn'd with Roſes, and the Columns have ſeveral little* Cupids *flying about 'em, and a ſingle* Cupid *ſtanding upon every Capitol. At a good diſtance are ſeen three Arches, which divide the firſt Court from the other part of the Building: The Arches are beautified with Feſtoons; all the* Cupids, *Capitol, and Enrichments are of Gold.*

Enter Locrinus *and* Amarante.

Locr. Canſt thou, my Fair One, be ſo charitable,
So kind, ſo full of Goodneſs to forgive me?

Canſt

Canſt thou into thy Boſom take the Wretch,
Whoſe baſe Injuſtice baniſh'd thee his Sight?
Ama. My Lord! I do with greater Joy receive ye,
Than I with Grief did leave ye. Oh, my Lord!
Did you but know the racking Pains I've ſuffer'd
For every moment you were abſent from me,
Had I been guilty, you'd have pitied me.
Locr. My beſt belov'd, I have ſympathiz'd with thee:
Nor can I ſpeak the Torments I've endur'd.
Prometheus Vulture gnawing at his Heart
Was a Delight to that which fed on me.
But laying thus my Head upon thy Boſom,
I find a ſoveraign Balm for all my Sorrows.

Enter King attended.

King. Riſe, riſe, you greateſt Bleſſings of my Age;
You great and virtuous Patterns of all Goodneſs.
Ama. Welcome, my Royal Lord, Ten thouſand Welcomes.
Your drooping Kingdom now will raiſe her Head,
And gaze with Joy upon her great Deliverer.
King. Come hither Son, and from my Hand receive
The greateſt Gift that I have Power to give.
May you be happy both, and *Hymen* wait,
With all the Marriage-Joys, about your Bed.
Both] Eternal Bleſſings Crown your Royal Head.

Soft MUSICK. Seraphino *deſcends.*

King. Ha! Behold my Son,
The Heavenly power, that unſeen was with us,

Now

Now ſhews its dazling Form, and wondrous Beauty.
Ama. Thou Glorious Miniſter of thoſe Powers we ſerve:
For thou art more than Mortal; Is't for us
That thou haſt left thy Heavenly Habitation?
And vouchſaf'ſt, tho Glorified, to take my Servants habit,
For put off thy Divinity. So look'd
My lovely *Seraphino.*
Seraph. Know I am the ſame,
And ſtill the Servant to your Piety:
Your Zealous Prayers and Pious Deeds firſt won me,
To Guide your Steps. I tried your Charity,
When in a Beggars ſhape you took me up
And cloath'd my naked Limbs; and after fed me.
O let the world by your example learn
To look upon the poor with gentle Eyes:
I never left you yet, nor will I now;
But will be ſtill a Guard to you and *Albion*,
Bleſſings ſhall wait on him, where e're he goes;
And Great *Auguſta* Triumph o're her Foes.

MUSICK.

A very large Machine deſcends, the Figure of it is Oval, the Clouds Gold, with Figures of Cherubims flying about. In this Machine ſits Apollo, Cupid, Mars, Vulcan, Juno, Venus, *&c.* Apollo *ſings.*

Apollo.

Apollo. *From the Imperial Court of* Jove,
From the great Divan above,
I come to bid the Conquering Albion *reign,*
Soveraign Lord of Land and Main:
Albion, *nurst in Honour's School,*
Shall with Heroick Virtues rule.

A Symphany: After that, a Dialogue.

Cupid *Sings.*

Cupid. *The God of Love, with all his Train,*
Shall wait great Albion *o'er the Main:*
My Mother Venus *shall attend him,*
And great Mars *in War befriend him:*
Mars, Venus, *and* Cupid *shall all be at hand*
To wait your great Hero's *Command.*
Vulcan. *Why how now Youngster! now I find*
It is by your kind Aid
My Virtuous Wife to Mars *is joyn'd,*
And I a God-like Cuckold made.
O Cupid!
Cupid. O Vulcan!
Vulcan. *Is this like a Son,*
To see your poor Daddy abus'd?
Cupid. *And was't like a wise God to marry with one*
That to Cuckolding was so much us'd?
Vulcan. *Come, come, young God, since it is so,*
I'll break your Arrows and your Bow.

Cupid.

Cupid. *No, pray now, Father, spare 'em, and I'll take care to be*
Vulcan. *As great a Knave to others as thou'st been to me.*
Mars. *Cease* Vulcan, *cease, or strait prepare*
To feel the angry God of War:
Thy Son 'gainst all thy Force I will maintain,
And soon will,
Vulcan. *Cuckold me again.*
Then repine not you Mortals, but lead merry Lives;
For a God can be Bully'd you see:
Then lose not your Blood in defence of your Wives;
But be Cuckolds, tame Cuckolds, like me.

Mars, Venus, Vulc. Cupid. } *Then repine not, you Mortals, but lead merry lives;*
For a God can be Bully'd you see:
Then lose not your Blood in defence of your Wives;
For a Cuckold great Vulcan *must be.*

A SONG.

I

'TIS vain to tell me I am deceiv'd;
For Celia ſeems ſo kind,
'Twere Sin ſhe ſhou'd not be believ'd,
Since I no Cheat can find.
If Flattery with Falſhood lye
In her ſoft Youth conceal'd,
A thouſand times I'd rather dye,
Than have the Truth reveal'd.

II.

Let buſie Fools in Libels rail,
Their Malice I'll outbrave;
O'er me no Scandal ſhall prevail,
So ſhe the Appearance ſave:
For if I think I have her Heart,
My own for hers is due;
Let her but act the tender part,
I'll think the Joy is true.

Apollo.

Apollo. See where Triumphant Fame prepares to ſing
The Glories of your King.

A Symphany.

As Apollo's *Heaven aſcends, the Temple of* Fame *riſes from underneath the Stage, in which is* Fame, *and his Followers:* Fame *comes forward, with his Followers, and ſings:*

Fame. *You Nymphs that attend the Soveraign Barge,*
Guard, guard your Royal Charge;
And let your loyal Hands the Bark ſupport,
With all the Glory of your Watry Court.

Chor. *Then let your Royal,* &c.

Fame. *Pleaſure and Joy ſhall waft him o'er,*
And Triumph eccho round from Shore to Shore.

Grand Chor. *Pleaſure and Joy,* &c.

A Dialogue between an Old Man and a Young Girl.

O. Man. *WHy doſt thou fly me, pretty Maid?*
Tho' old, I feel Loves Fires,
Which can't be quench'd without thy Aid.
Then prithee, Fair One, be not cold;
For tho', 'tis true, I'm very old,
I ſtill have young Deſires.

Girl. *Nay, prithee dear Neſtor, ceaſe, ceaſe this Diſcourſe*
For I have often been told,
That for a young Virgin there is nothing worſe,
Than to Bed with a Man that is old.

O. Man. *You much miſtake, my pretty Fair,*
For Old Men always conſtant are.

Girl. *I do not doubt your Conſtancy,*
For Age, of courſe, muſt conſtant be:

Your

Your Youthful Vigour being gone,
You ſcarce can think of more than One.

O. Man. *Is there nothing then can gain ye?*

Girl. *Yes, yes, there is.*

O. Man. *Here's Gold; will that obtain ye?*

Girl. *O fie, piſh, piſh.*

O. Man. *See, here is ſtore of Gold.*

Girl. *O fie, fie, fie! you'r Old.*

O. Man. *No matter, Child, here's Gold.*

[She takes it.

Girl. *Well, I'll take it for once, but I muſt have more,*
For this is too little to win me.

O. Man. *Nay, rather than ſo, thou ſha't have all my ſtore,*
And if that fail, the Devil is in thee.

Girl. *I thank you, and now I muſt go.*

O. Man. *And I will go with thee.*

Girl. *O no, no, no, no.*

O. Man. *Why ſure, Child, you won't ſerve me ſo.*

Girl.

Girl. *Indeed, but I muſt.*

O. Man. *Then give me my Gold.*

Girl. *No; I never make Preſents to Men that are Old.*

[She runs off, and he after her.

Fame. Now *Fame*'s loudeſt Trumpet ſound;
Albion from Pole to Pole rebound:
Let all, let all his Titles rattle,
Founder of Peace, and God of Battle.

King. Let's haſte to pay, or Sacrifice to Heaven,
And then to War I will again return:
Our Foes, I hear, already take the Field;
Therefore, my Son, to you I leave the Charge
Of this my Kingdom, with full Power to act
As you ſhall beſt think fit.

Lear.

Locr. Which Power, my Lord,
I hope I shall discharge with Care and Justice.
Now *Amarante*, now the time is come
That I so long have with Impatience wish'd for.
Yet tho' I'm bleft with Love, I still shall mourn,
And find no Joy till your most-wish'd Return.

FINIS.

[illegible] S [illegible]

Covent-[illegible]

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1. Love's laſt Shift, or the Fool in faſhion; a Comedy, by Mr. *Cibber*, Servant to His Majeſty.

2. Love for Money, or the Boarding-School; a Comedy, by Mr. *Durfey*.

3. Fatal Miſtake, or the Plot ſpoil'd; by *J. Haines*.

4. The very good Wife, a Comedy, by an unknown Hand.

5. The Wives Excuſe, or Cuckolds make emſelves; by Mr. *T. Southern*.

6. The True Widow, a Comedy, by Mr. *Shadwell*.

7. The Marriage-hater match'd; by Mr. *Durfey*.

8. The Country Wife; by Mr. *Wycherly*.

9. The *Richmond* Heireſs, or Woman once in the right; by Mr. *Durfey*.

10. Rule a Wife and have a Wife; As it is acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.